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DANGLERS.

"By the bye, do you know who that genteel-looking young man is, that I see constantly hanging about the Wilsons? Go where I will, I am sure to see him along with one or other of the young ladies. Last Wednesday night, having occasion to call on Mrs Wilson about the character of a servant, whom did I see stuck up in a corner of the sofa but this same young gentleman, discussing with Miss Jessy, if I understood it rightly, the merits of a patent thread paper; I next night saw him with them in the pit of the Theatre, the third seat from the orchestra; and I am positive that he is ten times oftener in their seat at church than in his own, wherever that may be." Such is the sort of question that some well-meaning, but curious female controller-general of society puts on observing a dangler in high practice. The dangles are a class of young men belonging to some idle profession, who are never happy unless they be on terms of intimate acquaintance in families having one or two daughters come to a marriageable time of life. Having effected an introduction, it is impossible to tell how—most likely at a soirée, where he made quite a sensation by dancing the *Lancers* in a first-rate style, or through means of another dangler or friend of the family, or, what is more likely still, through an acquaintanceship with a brother of the young ladies, picked up at a fencing-school—the dangler falls into a habit of dropping in at all seasons, and, in a short time, from being a good-looking young man, and of tolerable address, becomes a privileged person in the household. If there be any dinner, tea, or supper party, Mr Brown is sure to be put down first on the list, or is there of his own accord; and, from his frequent appearances on such occasions, a certain kind of *understanding* as to his motives prevails among all descriptions of regular visitors. The dangler thus makes himself a species of necessary evil in the family. He brings all the floating small-talk of the town to the young ladies; speaks to them about concerts, play-actors, and charity sermons; helps the tea-kettle, and has a habit of saying "allow me," and making a movement as if to rise, when any thing is to be lifted; converses on the prevailing colour in the new winter dresses, and leads the laugh when any thing droll is mentioned. When Miss Jessy and Miss Sally go out for a walk, or on any necessary piece of duty, the dangler has a knack of hitting the exact time they are to leave the house, and, with an inclination, offers his arm, but always has a tendency to be on the side next Miss Jessy. At "kirk or at market," the dangler acts the obliging young man, being equally ready to carry a parasol, or look out the place in the Bible or Psalm-book. The dangler, in short, is ubiquitous in his services, and so, as a matter of course, all the world put him down as a favoured suitor of one or other of the young ladies. "Take my word for it," says Mrs Gavine, to her friend Mrs Brotherstone, "it is a set thing that young Tom Brown is after Jessy Wilson, and there's no doubt he'll get her too. I'm sure they've been long enough in making it up at any rate; for, to my certain knowledge, he used to call when they lived in George Street, and that is more than three years since." "Indeed," replies the party addressed, "I'm not so sure about it as all that. I have always had my own opinion that he is one of those flirting fellows that never know their own mind for three minutes at a time, and, whatever they do, take always good care never to come to the point. However, I dare say he gets enough of encouragement, and they may take their own way of it, for me. Had the father not been a poor silly man, he would have settled the matter long

ere this." There are strong grounds for belief that Mrs Brotherstone is not far from the truth in her opinion of our hero Mr Brown. Under the indistinct idea that he is in love with a young lady, when he is no such thing, the dangle gteel young man haunts her wherever she goes, gets recognised by her father or mother as a suitable enough match for their daughter, flirts about her for a year or two, without, be it remarked, ever having spoken a word to her of personal esteem or attachment, yet insinuated himself so far into her good graces by his actions and looks—his everlasting dangle— that he knows he could get her at any time for the asking; then, behold, when he sees he can secure another with a better fortune, or, in his eyes, some other great recommendation, he leaves the long assiduously-courted young lady to pine over her solitary fate. How often is this the case in the middle ranks of life! How many hundreds and thousands of amiable young women have had cause to rue that they ever gave any permanent encouragement to a dangle. Such a character acts like a blight on the fate of a young lady; for he not only consumes her valuable time, and distracts her feelings, but prevents real and modest admirers from making advances; wherefore, in the end, she has perhaps to marry a person of inferior respectability, or remain on the list of old maids. Such a result forms the worst feature in the case of the dangle. Heedless of the havoc he is committing in the fate of the young lady; not reflecting that what has been simple killing of time or amusement to him has been protracted torture to a sensitive female, who, probably, all the while pardons him, from the impression that he is only waiting till he can conveniently make a declaration, he either starts off after a new object, or grows cool in his attentions, after the bloom of her youth is fled. Yet, we have known dangles deservedly caught in their own cunning devices. The eldest daughter of the family, to whom he has long been in his own opinion attached, is carried off, as it were, out of his very grasp, when he thought himself most secure; and he probably enters into a campaign of dangle with the younger; but she is also married before he has time to make up his resolution, and he is left in a queerish, desolate condition. In such cases, we have known the dangle of half-a-dozen years pretend to feel hurt, and actually "wonder" how Miss Wilson or Miss Any-body-else "was in such a hurry to get off, for it was well known to her that nobody felt so much attached to her as himself." Such is the drivel of a disconcerted dangle. He breaks his acquaintance with the family "which has used him so very ill," and looks about him for means of revenge in marrying some "extraordinary great match." He procures an acquaintance with the accomplished and elegant Miss Blackitt, who lives with her aunt in the Crescent, and who, it is currently reported, has three thousand pounds at her own disposal, besides expectations from her uncle the lieutenant-colonel in India. The aunt, who is a knowing hand in the science of dangle, encourages his addresses, but takes care not to be long in fixing him, by asking him with an air (some day about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, when he had called in a pair of washed gloves to escort the young lady to the Exhibition) "what his intentions are regarding her niece." Of course, Mr Brown protests—rather in a flutter, however—that his "intentions" are beyond all measure "honourable." The marriage in such a case soon ensues, and the dangle is beautifully nosed with a girl who, according to the report of the controllers-general of the neighbourhood, "can-

not put on her own clothes," "who has all kinds of bad habits," not a penny of fortune, no expectations from her uncle in India—he being a married man with five mulatto daughters—and, consequently, to sum up the story, makes the dangle miserable for all the rest of his life.

ISBEL LUCAS,

A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear, so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that

there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand." One press, Mr Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year. Of this he made Isabel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isabel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day, namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sorer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sunk into her chair, the sounds died away in the distance, and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isabel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet, knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a warning; yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and bye, this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and, having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isabel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotch-

woman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and, having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time? "Why do you ask that question?" asked Isabel. "Because," replied the other, "I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steam-boat at the Broomielaw." This was enough for Isabel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steam-boat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length, she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly, and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. "It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring you with me." Isabel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of; and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isabel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclashed pen-knife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isabel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue; which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some

place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isabel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plentiful repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour, Isabel lay at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manoeuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help, she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steam-boat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isabel Lucas returned, in a few days, to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

The moral of this story (and it is a real one) is, that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about their hearts when they reach the peculiarly tender and susceptible age of *forty-two*.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE TURKS.

THE country at present called Turkey, comprises, with some small exceptions, that tract of continent, sea, and island, which lies between the River Tigris to the eastward, and the Gulf of Venice on the west. Several of the districts towards the boundaries of this region pay but a nominal subjection to the Turkish sovereign; but he claims to rule over the whole, and, indeed, considers also all the states of Northern Africa, from Egypt to the Straits of Gibraltar, as his vassals or feudatories; these, however, hardly acknowledge him even by the payment of a nominal tribute, and in no respect adhere to his authority. The only countries which can be actually considered as his territories, are, in Europe, the districts between the Danube and Greece, and the Grecian islands; and, in Asia, those of Anatolia, or Asia Minor: and these regions are perhaps the most fertile, and best adapted for commerce, of any in the world, were they cultivated as they ought.

It must not be supposed, however, that even this region is wholly occupied by the people called Turks: it is subject to their government, but they do not constitute more than a fourth part of its inhabitants. The rest are the original occupiers of the soil, who possessed it before the Turks conquered them, and who yet continue as the subjects or tributaries of that people. The Turks themselves live chiefly in the garrisoned towns, in villages near these, or in some scattered districts where they have been induced more particularly to settle; but hardly ever in these last are they equal in numbers to their subjects, the ori-

ginal inhabitants who are intermingled with them. Their dominion over the races whom they keep in subjection is maintained with great severity and haughtiness; and, from feeling themselves always superior to them in power, they come to look on them with the greatest disdain. The Turks are all of the religion of Mahomet, and the races who are subject to them are Christians; hence the name of Christian is with these people an expression of scorn, and in their towns any one of that religion who should refuse to step off the foot-path to make way for a Turk, would be subjected to a severe beating; they would no more allow any of their females to marry a Christian, than a West India planter would permit his daughter to give her hand to a negro. It is death for a Christian even to marry or attach himself to a Turkish woman. This extreme contempt appears to arise solely from the Turks having long had the dominion in the country, and having been accustomed to treat its inhabitants on all occasions as a disarmed and conquered people.

The original Turks were a tribe of Tartar origin. It must not be imagined, however, that all the people who now claim that name are the descendants of the original Tartaric warriors: these invaders adopted into their body all the choice of the conquered nations who consented to assume their religion, and enter their armies; this, of course, was no small number, and the conquerors increased it, by forcing from their parents as many Christian children as they wished, in order to train them up in their national manners and discipline. The present Turks, therefore, are a people of mixed origin, and have little relation either in blood or character with the high-capped Tartars of the Desert, to whom they trace their lineage. The Turkish language affords the best evidence of this mixture of people; for though it has a thread of the original Tartaric here and there in its composition, it is chequered at every point with fragments of other tongues.

The original Turkish invaders were, as we have said, a tribe or tribes belonging to Central Tartary, that part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Europe and China, and is little known to either; it contains populous nations and large cities, of which we have scarcely heard the names. The old annals of Persia (which country lies on the south of the Tartaric regions) are filled with accounts of wars with that people, while they do not even allude to those contests with Greece which we are accustomed to consider as the leading points of Persian history in those ages (500 years before Christ). It is evident that the Tartars consisted of many populous and warlike tribes in periods beyond the date of our records. Their first appearance in the histories with which we are familiar, is about six hundred years after Christ, when they made several fierce and successful irruptions into Persia, and continued afterwards to spread forwards over all the civilized countries in their neighbourhood. In those days (from 650 to 1240 of the Christian era) little science was necessary for carrying on war; and mere animal courage, with the capability of bearing fatigue, being sufficient to ensure superiority, the unwearied and innumerable succession of Tartar soldiers which issued from their recesses, shook or overturned the principal monarchies of the time, from Constantinople to China and India. They were ignorant, barbarous, and cruel: the kings, conquerors, and heroes who governed their tribes, could neither read nor write, and considered success at the head of their armies as the only object worthy of their ambition: a chief was thought effeminate who sought other palace than his sheep-skin tent, or other throne than his saddle. No means, however cruel, were thought evil, if they insured victory; when Jenghis Khan (one of their greatest conquerors, 1210) invaded China, he took prisoner a great multitude of old men and women, and placed them in front of his troops, when he wished to avert an attack, because he had heard that the Chinese venerated age so highly, that they would not hurt it, even to defend themselves. The delicacy of their manners at home corresponded with their ferocity abroad. Tamerlane, another Tartar hero, in returning from his expeditions, used to assemble all the young females of the nation, and order a general marriage; in 1389, he gave a sumptuous feast in the plains near Samarcand, on the marriage of his nobles, his inferior officers, and soldiers, at which all the guests were arranged in their respective ranks, according to battle array; the bridegrooms on one side of the benches, and the brides on the other. Such is a picture of Tartaric life in war and peace; their conquests over more civilized nations were effected by means of vast bands of disciplined savages, who could bear endless fatigue, and whose lives could be thrown away in myriads. Their history at the present time, therefore, excites little interest: it is sufficient here to say, that we find certain of their tribes, about the twelfth century, in military possession of Asia Minor, of which the principal towns, and all the open parts of the country, were in their hands. There were several districts, indeed, which defied their power—and in which they have not even yet settled—but these were only the highlands of the country, which, in all conquered regions, remain independent, without being able to act in concert against the invaders.

It was to these conquerors of Asia Minor that the name of Turks was latterly restricted. When they

first established themselves there, they had for nearly 200 years a chief, who was sultan of Iconium; but the several leaders were always at war either with the conquered people, with one another, or with their sultan; hence they were never strong enough to extend the Turkish conquests into Europe, or to give much alarm to the Greek emperors of Constantinople, whose territories adjoined theirs. After a course of events, one of the leaders, named OTHMAN (1318), whose territory lay near the Hellespont, became distinguished by his talents and his ambition. He assumed the style and honours of royalty; defeated every one who dared to question his pretensions; and finally established a sovereignty which, though of small extent, was rendered strong by the confidence which his subjects had in his abilities and love of justice, as well as by the terror with which he inspired his enemies. This prince laid the foundations of the present empire of Turkey, and it is from him that it has the name of the Othman or Ottoman empire. He was succeeded by his son ORCHAN (1340), who maintained the respect which their power had acquired, and placed the military force with which his Emirs, or great lords, were obliged to furnish him, on a basis of discipline and regularity which enabled him to seize every opportunity of extending his territories. The empire of Constantinople, which had long considered itself as inheriting all the glories of classical history, because it had succeeded to the dominions of Rome, and the language of Greece, lay closely adjoining to the territories of Orchan; but being proud of its imperial dignity and old fame, it affected to despise its neighbour as the mere chief of a Tartar horde. Its own power was, however, fast verging to decay: the emperors were pressed by enemies on every side, and their revenues were consumed in supporting an appearance of splendour which was out of proportion both to their means and power. The resources of the son of Othman, on the other hand, were all employed to increase his military strength, and make additions to his territories. Hence the Emperor Andronicus was soon glad to apply to him for aid against the enemies who were scattering to pieces his enfeebled empire. Orchan, who was, like the modern conqueror Bonaparte, ambitious of allying his self-constituted royalty with the glories of an ancient line of sovereigns, asked the hand of the emperor's daughter as the price of his assistance. His request was granted, and the young and graceful Theodora was given away by her father as one of the wives of the Turk. She seemed the emblem of the ancient glory of empire, finally resigned by Greece. The aid obtained by her father only added to his embarrassment: for the Turks, who came as friends, kept possession as enemies; and the Ottoman sovereignty extended itself, wherever it gained footing, whether as an assistant or a conqueror.

The third sovereign (1362) was Amurath, a prince whose reign was chiefly rendered remarkable by his forming a new kind of military force, consisting of the children of Christian parents, or of young captives taken in war, who were trained up in the Ottoman religion and discipline, and, when enrolled in the army, were distinguished by the name of *yengi-cheri* (young soldiers), which we have changed into janissary. This body of troops was recruited for two centuries in the same manner as it had begun, and formed, during all that time, the flower and strength of the Turkish armies. Amurath extended his conquests beyond Constantinople, and into Hungary, though he did not venture to attack the imperial city itself; and he was at last killed, while walking among the bodies of the dead after a day of victory—a Slavonian soldier, who lay dying, having started up as he passed, and stabbed him to death. He was succeeded by his son Bajazet, who deserved the name of *Ilderim*, or Lightning, from the terrible rapidity of his movements in war. This prince extended his father's conquests along the Danube, and pushed the Turkish dominion southward into Macedonia and Thessaly. The chiefs of his own nation, whom his ancestors had kept in subjection in Asia Minor, rebelled while he was thus employed, and called into their assistance Timor Beg, or Tamerlane, a celebrated conqueror of the Mogul tribe of Tartars. Bajazet, with his usual rapidity, rushed to meet this fearful intermeddler; but his army was dashed to pieces by the shock. He was himself taken prisoner, and Timor shut him up in a cage of iron to die there; having heard that Bajazet had threatened him with the like treatment, should he be taken.

The Turkish sovereignty remained in confusion for some time after the death of this prince. His son Mahomet did little to re-establish it; but Amurath the Second effectually revived the fame of his ancestors. In Europe, however, he was bearded by the Albanian patriot Scanderbeg, who, for a quarter of a century, set the whole Turkish power at defiance; and Amurath, whom he had frequently foiled, was so eager for revenge, that on his death-bed he addressed his son Mahomet as follows:—"I now leave you, my son, this crown, but, above all things, I leave you this enemy." Mahomet, however, was baffled as well as his father. After Scanderbeg died, his strongholds were taken, and the Turkish soldiers, whose highest ideas of glory were concentrated in military success, dug up his bones, and had pieces of them set in gold and silver, hoping that they would confer on

the wearers the valour and good fortune of their living owner.

The next reign was that of Mahomet the Second. This prince, in 1453, captured the city of Constantinople, whose whole territory, except a few fragments, had long been in the hands of the Ottomans, and which had preserved the name of an empire after it could hardly command the highways leading to its own gates. After seizing the imperial city, Mahomet subdued also those portions of Southern Greece which had hitherto remained faithful to their ancient capital and emperors; established the Turkish power in the whole region lying betwixt the Danube, the Save, and the Mediterranean; drove the Genoese out of Crim Tartary; and invaded Italy, where he captured the city of Otranto. His success, and the growing power of the Turkish empire, alarmed the jealousy of the Mamelukes, who at that time ruled over Egypt and Syria, and whose boundaries touched those of the Turks at Mount Taurus, the same point to which the present ruler of Egypt has extended his conquests. His son Bajazet gave these soldiers a mortal injury by conquering Circassia, from which country they obtained the young recruits, whom they adopted as their children, and trained to perpetuate their power. The next prince, Selim the Second, defeated them both in Syria and Egypt, adding these two countries to the Turkish dominions, and gaining also the title of *Caliph*, or successor of Mahomet, and chief of his religion. The Ottoman sultan had now, therefore, taken the place both of the first Christian and first Mahometan sovereignties, and stood an increasing and threatening power, whose attitude struck terror into Europe and Asia. Selim wrested from Persia the rich country lying between the Tigris and Euphrates, and, by his various conquests, almost doubled the extent of his empire. His character, however, gives no brilliancy to the fame of great conquerors. He was called *Selim the Cruel*, from his indifference to the life or death of those around him; and it is said, that, when one of his officers one day asked him when the army would reach a certain village, he replied, "when God pleases; but for thee, it is my pleasure that thou remain here," and ordered his head to be struck off for presuming to ask the question.

The next sovereign, "Soliman the Magnificent," is better known in European history than any of the other Turkish princes. The empire had then no enemy towards the east; and as the Ottomans never thought of remaining at peace while they had a pretext for war and a prospect of conquest, he devoted the whole of his resources to successive attacks upon Germany, Hungary, and the Venetians. From the last he took Rhodes and the Greek islands, and Hungary he entirely subdued, by much treachery and an enormous expense of blood. He next collected a vast army to besiege Vienna; and the fate of Christendom was apprehended to be in the hands of the proud Ottoman. The measures of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, however, deterred him from the meditated attack, and he hurried off to Persia, to harass the sovereign of that country, who baffled him with the same watchful caution which had foiled his immense German preparations.

Soliman is called among his countrymen the law-giver, from his forming a body of regulations for the conduct of the public officers of his empire; but though his reign was one of much wisdom, and of unparalleled warlike achievement, yet certain regulations introduced by him were the first cause of the decline of the Ottoman empire. The government of Turkey being a pure despotism, the whole character and success of its measures depend upon the personal qualities of the sovereign. Now, before the time of Soliman, all the princes of the royal family were employed, as they grew up, in the service of the state, and acquired experience of which the most able frequently availed himself in order to seize the sceptre. This sultan, however, made a regulation, by which the young men of the royal family were ordered to be kept secluded from all business, and immured in the palace, till one of them should be called to the throne. This extraordinary edict has been ever since complied with to the letter; and the consequence has been, that from the days of Soliman, a line of princes have held the Ottoman sceptre who knew neither how to make themselves respected by their enemies, nor by their own army. "Snatched from a prison to preside at court," they were incapable either of heading their forces, or of selecting able statesmen for their ministers; and the fierce janissaries, who had been accustomed to be led to victory by their princes, began to murmur when they suffered defeats under inferior guidance. The sultans, also, who went no longer with them to war, regarded them with less favour, and abridged privileges which the soldiers rather thought of extending; hence there was a ceaseless contest between the army and the sovereign; on every opportunity there was a massacre of rebellious janissaries, who in their turn avenged themselves by assassinating their sultan, and raising another of his imprisoned relations to the throne. The persons who thus succeeded to empire were of course totally unacquainted with the improvements now daily introduced in neighbouring armies, and, even if they had known them, had no personal influence to procure their adoption by their own forces. In order to weaken the rebellious janissaries, they were even obliged to corrupt

their military spirit by granting them the privilege of engaging in trades; and this, though it partly weaned them from their turbulent habits, lessened their efficiency in the field. Hence the Ottoman power, which, from the perfect organization of its military strength, had, under Soliman and his ancestors, overawed all Europe, began gradually to decline, as improvement advanced in other states.

These results, though they became more apparent on the accession of every new prisoner from the seraglio to the throne, did not arrive all at once. The military genius of the Ottomans long survived in their armies, and the officers trained in them; so that Europe at intervals still felt their power. Under Selim the Second (1670), they took Cyprus from the Venetians, and, with a barbarity which shows the true genius of war, had its defender skinned alive, and his hide stuffed with straw, to be hung up at the yard-arm of one of their galleys. This insult the Christian powers avenged, by destroying the whole Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto. On another occasion (1678), an Ottoman army, availing itself of a rebellion in Hungary, invaded Germany, and formed the siege of Vienna: it was defeated by the Poles under their gallant sovereign Sobieski, a service which Europe has repaid with little gratitude.

Within the last hundred years, the empire of the Turks has been gradually waning to extinction. The genius of the people being opposed to all improvement whatsoever, they have been circumvented on every hand by their more civilized neighbours. Their wild and ill-regulated warfare has been effectually checked by the cool intrepidity and discipline of European armies. Their indolence has always induced them to rely for support on the states they conquered, more than their own industry; indeed, the revenue they thus drew from their provinces was almost the only means of support to their government; their recent loss of Greece, Algiers, and, we may now say, Egypt and Syria, has therefore brought speedy ruin upon their commonwealth, and destroyed their trade. The present Turkish sovereign is much more civilized than his predecessors, and he has been engaged in remodelling the army, and introducing European costume and tactics; but it is believed that these creditable attempts are too late in being resorted to, and that the empire of the Ottomans must very soon sink into utter obscurity. As if conscious of their want of permanent security, it is said that the Turks on the European side of the Hellespont have a tradition that they are at some time to be driven across to their ancient Asiatic territories. This prediction would certainly long since have been fulfilled, but for the jealousies of the chief European powers, who countenance the Turkish government, and preserve it as a check upon the extension of the Russian dominions. It, nevertheless, seems probable that the present generation will have the satisfaction of seeing the barbarous sway of the Turks extirpated in Europe.

THE SUTORS OF SELKIRK.

TRADITION and history concur in celebrating the devoted bravery of the citizens of Selkirk at the fatal battle of Flodden, in 1514; and it is related, that of one hundred who followed James the Fourth to the field, only a few survived. A standard taken from the English on the occasion, by a member of the incorporation of weavers, is still in the possession of his descendant, an inhabitant of the town. The English were so exasperated at the bravery of that band of citizens, that they laid Selkirk in ashes. James the Fifth, however, in reward of their eminent services, granted them a thousand acres of Selkirk Forest, which are now worth about £1500 a-year. In the annual survey of this tract of land, or riding of the marches, the English standard is still carried before the incorporation of weavers. It is recorded by tradition, that, on the return of the few survivors from Flodden, they found, by the side of Lady-Wood-Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fellow-comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion in the back ground a wood. In connexion with the story of the bravery of the men of Selkirk at Flodden, tradition has handed down the following rhyme, which has been the subject of much literary contest:—

Up wif the sutors of Selkirk,
And down wif the Earl of Hume;
And up wif a' the best lads
That saw the single-soled shoes.

Whether this rhyme be as old as the battle of Flodden, whether it refer to the conduct of Lord Hume on that occasion in comparison with the bravery of the burghers of Selkirk, or whether it applies to a more modern incident, a match at foot-ball betwixt the men of the Merse, or Earl of Hume's country, and those of Selkirk, it seems now difficult to decide. Although the words of the song, of which the above is the first verse, be not very ancient, and although there was no Earl of Hume till the year 1604, antiquaries have generally found reason to believe that they allude to the conflict at Flodden. It is related that the principal trade carried on at the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, was that of manufacturing thin or single-soled shoes. Hence the glory of the above enterprise is wholly appropriated by what are

called "the Sutors of Selkirk," though the great trophy of the day was won by a person of a very different profession. It seems evident that the shoemakers have only become conspicuous in the story by their numbers, and by the predominance of the craft over all others, in remote as well as in recent times. This has proceeded to such a length, that to be made a sutor of Selkirk is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess; and the ceremony gone through on such occasions seems to set the matter at rest. The candidate for burgial honours, at the festivity which always attends these ceremonies, is compelled to lick or pass through his mouth a small bunch of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, which has previously been licked or mouthed by all the members of the Town-Council who may be present. This is called *licking the birse*, and is said to imply allegiance or respect to the craft who rule the roast in Selkirk. The late distinguished Sheriff-depute of the county, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., who supplied part of this information, on being made a sutor, used the precaution of washing the beslabbered birse in his wine, but was compelled, *volens volens*, to atone for that act of disrespect by drinking off the polluted liquor. Nor was the custom ever dispensed with in any case on record, except that of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, who visited Selkirk in 1819.

The game of foot-ball, above alluded to, was anciently a very favourite sport throughout Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of Armstrongs returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs of Border Transactions*, mentions a great meeting appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggles.

RELIQUES OF WALTER SCOTT.

FOLLOWING up the plan we have commenced, of giving such anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott as come to our hands, in the successive numbers of the Journal, we have this day the agreeable task of introducing to the notice of our readers three distinct productions of his pen, of which the two first were never before printed, while the third, though published at the time of its composition in a newspaper, was not then ascertained to be his, and has never since been before the public.

LETTER TO BISHOP PERCY.

The first of the three articles in point of date is a letter to the celebrated Bishop of Dromore, apparently in answer to one in which his Lordship had expressed satisfaction with the scheme of the Border Minstrelsy, and offering to contribute to the additional volume, then projected, of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The way in which he alludes to his first perusal of that work is a vivid trait of character. It seems tolerably clear, from various circumstances, that he first perused Bishop Percy's collection in 1784, at Rosebank, near Kelso, the seat of his uncle Captain Robert Scott; and in one of his published works he thus alludes to it: "The tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of oriental platanus to which it belonged." From the two passages united, we may almost make out the scene of this remarkable era of his life, and it may be added, of modern literature; for it will never be disputed that the great mind which has given such a bias to the intellectual system of the present age, received its own first direction in a great measure from the national poetry published by Percy. It must have been upon a verdant seat or bank, beneath an eastern plane (probably brought from India by his uncle), that the bard of Marjion first glowed over the kindred strains of the southern minstrels.

The last paragraph of the letter will also have its interest:—the immortal claiming present respectability from the mortal—the noble of mind from the noble of matter! It will be recollected that the Marquis of Downshire was guardian to Lady Scott.

"MY LORD—I shall not trouble your Lordship with an attempt to express the pleasure I felt at the receipt of the letter with which you honoured me, because the task would be equally difficult to me, and disagreeable to your Lordship."

"Were I to compare it to any thing, it would be to the sensation I felt when the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* were first put into my hands, an era in my poetical taste which I shall never forget."

"The very grass sod seat to which (when a boy of

twelve years old) I retreated from my playfellows, to devour the works of the ancient minstrels, is still fresh and dear to my memory. That you are pleased to approve of my intended work, will prove to me an additional stimulus in the execution. An early partiality to the tales of my country, and an intimate acquaintance with its wildest recesses, acquired partly in the course of country sports, and partly in pursuit of antiquarian knowledge, will, I hope, enable me at least to preserve some of the most valuable traditions of the south of Scotland, both historical and romantic."

"My want of knowledge and experience in these pursuits will, I hope, be in some measure supplied by the enthusiasm with which I have pursued my object, and the obscure path through which I have traced it."

"I am very much obliged to your Lordship for the urbanity with which you have offered me a copy of the Earl of Westmoreland's escape; but, under the circumstances you mention, I can have no wish to give your Lordship's amanuensis the trouble of transcribing it upon my account. On the contrary (did I not think that Mr Percy's own researches must be far more accurate than mine), I would with pride contribute to the 4th vol. of the *Reliques* such particulars regarding the 'Rising in the North Country' as I had arranged, with a view to some notices in my own publication; and if this would be acceptable, your Lordship has only to give me a hint to that purpose."

"I have published (that is, printed) in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the Scottish account of the Battle of Otterbourne; a ballad evidently much more modern than that published in the *Reliques* on the same subject."

"In the notes upon the poem, I have been led to express doubt with regard to the account given in the *Reliques* of one of the heroes of the tale—I mean John of Agurstone—whom your Lordship, certainly not without probability, has conjectured to be one of the family of Hagerstone, in Northumberland. At the same time, considering that the English, at the period of the battle of Otterbourne, possessed Roxburgh and Berwick, together with the intermediate fortresses on the south of the Tweed—Wark, Norham, Ford, Cornhill, Twisel, &c.—I think it unlikely that the Hagerstones could at that time acknowledge the Scottish sovereignty, and am rather induced to think (*salute auctoritate tanti viri*) that the warrior was one of the Rutherfordes of Edgerstone, anciently spelled Adgurstone, an ancient family, followers of the house of Douglas, and long established on the Scottish Borders, five or six miles above Jedburgh."

"I am sure your Lordship's goodness and liberality will easily excuse my requesting your farther opinion on this hypothesis, although in making this request I am conscious I intrude upon time dedicated to much more valuable and important avocations."

"Your Lordship may probably know my excellent and kind friend, the Marquis of Downshire, whose name I take the liberty of using as some security for my personal character; and I flatter myself he will bear testimony, that in honouring me with an occasional continuance of your correspondence, your Lordship will not entirely misplace your favour. If there is any thing to be done here which can further the 4th vol. of the *Reliques*, your Lordship will honour me by commanding my best services.—I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and very humble servant,"

WALTER SCOTT.

Edinburgh, 11th January 1801."

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

THE second of our *reliques* is a ballad poem, and one not unworthy to rank with the best efforts of its author in verse. It is a translation of the well-known modern Latin poem, beginning,

"Gramius notabilis collegerat montanos,"

which was in its turn a free imitation of the original ballad of "Killiecrankie," and capable of being sung to the same spirited tune. For the benefit of the English reader, it may be mentioned, that the subject of the poem is the battle fought on the 26th of July 1689, near the Pass of Killiecrankie, between the celebrated Viscount Dundee (formerly James Graham of Claverhouse), in behalf of the expatriated James the Second, and General M'Kay, who appeared at the head of a superior army of Dutch and British troops, for the defence of the revolution settlement. Dundee fell in the arms of victory, and his loss was never recovered by the Jacobite party. The occasion of the poem being written, and the date of its composition, are explained by the following note from the hand-writing of the late Alexander S. Hunter, Esq. of Blackness, a partner in the firm of Archibald Constable and Company.

"This translation was made by Walter Scott, Esq., and was presented by him to me, being intended to accompany an engraved portrait of Lord Dundee, from the original picture in the possession of the Duke of Montrose, which I had been the means of obtaining from the Miss Youngs of Auldbairn, in Angus (for his Grace), in whose family it had remained upwards of a century. This spirited effusion has never yet been published, nor do I believe Mr Scott has as-

other copy of it.—November 1811. P.S. I got it from Mr Scott about six years ago; i.e. in 1805."

The glorious GRAHAM, of deathless fame,
Brought down his mountain band;
The Southron race, in rout they chase,
Claymore and targe in hand.
The lowland prig, and canting whig,
In headlong flight were roll'd:

O wondrous GRAHAM! Herculean frame,
And faith sustained by fear!
Thou well couldst fire, to deeds of ire,
The agile mountaineer.
Though twice thy force opposed thy course,
In deep and dark array,
Yet swept thy sword the foreign lord,
And stranger race away.

Of noble birth, and nobler worth,
A Peer of old renown,
His blade sae true, DUNFERMLINE drew,
And hew'd the traitors down.
With heart of faith, and hand of death,
Old Scotland's Nestor gray,
O'er helms of steel, through ranks that reel,
PITCUR led on the way.

For James's right, GLENGARY's might
The field with slaughter strewed;
Not he through fire, who bore his sire,
Such zealous duty shewed.
The men of Skye, of metal high,
They shared their chieftain's toils;
Both sire and son, to fight rushed on,
Macdonalds of the Isles.

MACLEAN the bold fought as of old,
Amid his martial clan;
From foemen such, the tardy Dutch,
With speed unwonted ran.
The stout LOCHIEL, with dirk of steel,
And many a Cameron there,
The Southron fell, dispatched to hell,
And bore their spoils to Blair.

BARA, GLENCOE, KEPPOCH also,
And BALLOCH and his brother,
They fenced the claims of good King James,
And would not brook another.
And APPINE, too, his faulchion drew,
With Stuarts brought from far;
And CANNON sage, did guide their rage,
And marshal'd all the war.

There, too, was he from Hungary,
Who for his Prince did come,
And turned his dirk from faithless Turk,
'Gainst falser whigs at home.

The TUTOR sage, to battle's rage,
Clanronald's broadswords brought,
And with his clan, in act a man,
Their stripling Captain fought.

GLENMORRISTON from wood and glen,
A huntsman warrior came;
His carbine true, to earth he threw,
And drew his sword of flame.
He left the doe, and bounding roe,
He left the stag at bay,
The whiggish race, like deer to chase,
And course the false Mackay.

While Tummel's wave, by rock and cave,
From Blair to Tay shall run,
Claymore and targe, in Highland charge,
Shall rout the pike and gun.
And you, ye true, your blades who drew,
For Scotland's laws and King,
In storied lays, your deathless praise,
Immortal bards shall sing.

HYMN FOR THE CZAR.

Our third relique is a hymn to the Czar Alexander, which Sir Walter composed at the request of a magistrate of Edinburgh, and an old school-fellow of his own, for the purpose of being sung to Haydn's "God Save the Emperor Francis," at the dinner given by Lord Provost Arbutnot, December 19, 1816, to the Arch Duke Nicolas, now Emperor of Russia, on his visiting and becoming a freeman of the city of Edinburgh. The verses were applied for in the afternoon of the day before the Arch Duke's arrival, and the poet, having been furnished with a copy of the air, finished them, and sent them to their proper destination that night. At the feast, which took place some days afterwards, many distinguished persons were present, including Mr Scott; and the hymn was sung by the band with great effect, the company receiving copies at the same time on a printed slip. The last verse, which must be considered as detached from the hymn, was received with great applause:—

God protect brave Alexander!
Heaven defend the noble Czar!
Mighty Russia's high commander,
First in Europe's banded bar.
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own.

Bless him 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave;
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.
O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes;
Late and long, Supreme Director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.

Hail, then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.
Foemen's force, or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide;
Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[The following is the first of a series of original articles descriptive of remarkable places in foreign countries, which we mean to continue in the Journal, if we shall find that they give satisfaction to any considerable portion of our readers. It appears to us, that such a series of articles, if written, as the other articles of this work are written, with an express view to what is capable of interesting, or being intelligible to, the mass of mankind, may instruct the minds and expand the views of many persons who have not read even the most familiar books respecting the Continent. The South of France will be described in three articles—the next in order being devoted to Toulouse.]

BOURDEAUX.

ON the 18th of September 1830, we sailed out of the Bay of Dublin, which the rays of the morning sun and a fine fresh breeze had rendered a glittering mass of green and gold, the Wicklow mountains stretching calmly up in the distance, and descending to the shore in bold rocky lines. The rapid pace of the steam-boat, as it carried us along the coast, gave it much the appearance of a peristepic panorama, object succeeding object in quick succession; but before nightfall, we had entirely lost sight of it, as we kept inclining to the left across St George's Channel. It is not my intention to amuse you with an account of the very heavy gale we encountered the three following days—which, as sailors say, made our mizen-mast go by the board—and of our great joy when we found ourselves safely anchored in smooth water at the mouth of the Garonne, under the custom-house of Polignac. It was late in the evening before we came to anchor, so that, though I felt much anxiety to catch a glimpse of the shore, to which we were so close that I could distinguish the lights of the cottage fires, and hear faint sounds of human voices, I had to content myself with walking to the wheel, and examining with curious eyes the uncouth figure of the French pilot, which had hailed and boarded us some hours previously in the Bay of Biscay. There was nothing very distinctive about this man, except his great red night-cap with a yellow tassel, and the ponderous magnitude of his sea-boots; but then he was not one of us—his language, religion, food, all different; and yet in his character of pilot he grasped the wheel with an air of importance, giving directions to our sailors in unintelligible English, which they received with their tongues in their cheeks, and a sly wink to the captain. It appeared to me that the feeling of superiority and contempt which our sailors so fearlessly evinced for the French in the last war had not terminated with it.

I was on deck at an early hour in the morning, and cannot say but I was much disappointed with the character of the scenery. The banks of the Garonne, as far as Bourdeaux, are low and swampy, reminding me strongly of the Mersey at Liverpool; and the vines, which you see on all sides, as far as the eye can reach, growing close to the ground, have much the appearance of bean-fields. We were soon boarded by the custom-house officers, who set about with diligence, yet politeness, to examine our baggage. Their uniform was a sort of medium between a civilian and soldier, being light blue with a little embroidery, and foraging caps. They were especially precise in replacing every thing as they found it, and the only articles seized were some culinary instruments belonging to missionaries on their way to Persia, which, I believe, were afterwards reclaimed with success. The passport system is by no means so strict at present in France as it was under Charles the Tenth—an Irish gentleman finding no difficulty in making good his landing without having any thing to show in proof of his not being *un mauvais sujet*; i.e. a Carlist.

Bourdeaux is to this country in wine what Meux's brewery is to London in porter, and were it not for the heavy duty on its importation, claret might be drunk almost as cheap as beer. This, however, is not much to be regretted, as I question whether the climate and dispositions of Britons are at all in unison with cold acid potations. Surface acquirements, and their usual adjuncts, carelessness and gaiety, are all in unison with light meats, light wines, and cloudless skies; but deep-rooted feelings and strong perceptions seem to require stronger diet and deeper excitement. An Englishman, and, still more, a Scotsman, is contemplative and observing, his body being often exhausted through the medium of his mind. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is a creature of circumstance—a shuttlecock, who, from the whole train of his education and thought, believes his country to be the greatest in the world, and his lot an enviable one, because he is a part of it. His highest stretch of philosophy is to make the most of the present minute, and his only religious formula, "Sufficient for the

day is the evil thereof." The town is built in the form of a bow, of which the river may be aptly termed the string; and as its magnificence and wealth, which now entitles it to rank the third town in France, is of recent date, most of the public buildings are new, and the streets spacious and clean. The quays are several miles in length, the depth of water admitting the approach of the largest vessels, the breadth of the Garonne being considerably greater than the Thames at London Bridge. A great deal of bustle and activity seems to prevail, and I noticed both the British and American flags flying from many vessels. On landing, I breakfasted at a *restaurant*, or coffee-house, where every thing was elegance and glitter, and sufficiently foreign. Suppose a saloon something like the Writer to the Signet's library in Edinburgh, but much gayer, with marble columns and pavements, and gilded ceiling, filled with company refreshing themselves in the recesses of the windows with wine, and fruits, and coffee, on marble tables, with waiters flying about with French nimbleness, and a very pretty grisette seated in great state on a sort of throne at the extremity, like the presiding genius of the place, superintending the accounts, and you have some little idea of the place. The constant sound of billiards, proceeding from a neighbouring room, will also add to the picture, as it gives some little idea of a Frenchman's mode of passing the day. In spite of all this show, however, which in our country would all have appeared in the bill, I made a good breakfast, on coffee, eggs, and rolls, for one franc, or ten pence British money. It being Sunday, I set out for the cathedral, which, with the help of a guide-book, I was able to do without the assistance of a *cicerone* or town-crier, of whom there are vast numbers, who fasten themselves like burrs upon *unwary travellers*, and who destroy by their descriptions all the pleasure of sight-seeing. On my way, I passed through the market, which was thronged with peasants and townspeople. Amongst the former, I did not observe many handsome faces, the women having the hardy sun-burnt look which out-of-door labour in the fields produces, and the men in general a lumpy look, from the great wooden shoes and gaudily coloured night-caps they wear. The colours of the women's dresses strike one as very intense—red, blue, and yellow coming sometimes in strong contrast, which, being mixed up with fruits and flowers, have a very rich effect. Their head-dress, too, is striking, being in general white caps of great height, stiffened with pasteboard, which stand erect, and from the top of which two small pinates or streamers of white muslin depend. Their ears are almost invariably loaded with massy ear-rings of solid gold, which, I understand, are part of their doweries, and to purchase which all their earnings are hoarded. The gloomy interior of the Cathedral of St André presented no small contrast to the activity and bustle of such a scene. It is a fine Gothic mass, in the form of a cross, with side chapels running round the east end. The south front has two spires, each 150 feet high, and a pediment; the north front, two unfinished towers; the greatest length is 413 feet, and that of the transept, or cross part, 150. A peculiar feature in this church is the want of aisles, so that the nave has the appearance of an immense hall. When I entered, it wanted some half hour of mass-time, and one or two people only were scattered about in solitary places, engaged in devotional exercises. Many of the attitudes assumed by these poor people were both devout and picturesque, and as the tinted light fell upon them through the richly stained windows, it discovered countenances of hope and resignation. In a short time, several priests began to flutter about in white robes, and light a dozen or two of huge wax candles. The bustle increased, more people entered, and the sound of martial music mingled with the hubbub. It gradually approached, and I was lost in wonder when in marched a regiment of soldiers, with drums beating and colours flying. The men ranged themselves down each side of the nave; the word was given to ground their arms, and there they stood whispering and laughing to one another, as if they had been at a review. Two more regiments entered in the same way, and took their places rank and file. As these were the first French troops I had seen, I could not help making a comparison between them and our own. They were in general much punier men, with an air and swagger, something like our sailors; however, in spite of the bravado of their mustachios, and want of soldierly precision in their dress, they certainly appear a brave, desperate set of fellows, not mere engines in the hands of their officers, but feeling and acting under impulses of their own. Their uniform is a blue coat, trimmed with yellow, and red trousers. The officers now entered, and, passing down the centre, the clashing of arms, as the soldiers gave them the salute, sounded harsh, and out of harmony with the quiet peacefulness which ought to characterize a Christian temple. The bands of music belonging to the regiments now approached the altar, and performed some gay operatic airs, whilst the priest performed the usual religious ceremonial, which was not of long duration; the priest stopped, the men fell into line, and marched out as they had entered, with the music of their little brass drums pealing about the vaulted ceiling.

As I happened to be provided with a letter of introduction to Mr Le H—, one of the leading wine-merchants of the city, I proceeded to call upon him, and he was polite enough to accompany me in visiting

the other leading features of the town. The church of greatest attraction, after the cathedral, is St Michael, the bell tower of which stands apart from the body of the church, and in which are shown some human remains, said to have been preserved for 400 years, from the embalming nature of the soil. On the summit is a telegraph, by means of which news is conveyed to Paris in five or six hours. There are, I believe, ten or twelve other churches of less notoriety. Next to religious, the French love theatrical exhibitions. The great theatre, Place de la Comedie, is one of the handsomest in France, capable of holding 4000 persons. In front, twelve Corinthian columns, 40 feet in height, support the nine Muses and three Graces. The architectural object of most attraction, however, is the bridge over the Garonne, built by Napoleon, after designs by Deschamps. It consists of seventeen arches, the seven central ones being each eighty-seven feet span; the whole length is 1600 feet, and breadth between parapets 80 feet. The interior consists of a series of open vaulting, in three divisions, the haunches not being filled in, so that one may walk under cover from one end to the other. Models of various portions of the constructive parts are kept here, beautifully executed in wood and plaster. As we passed along, Mr Le H— pointed out to me the Chateau Royale, the Public Library, the Exchange, Public Baths, &c., all of which appeared spacious, appropriate, and magnificent. One of the great characteristics of French towns, I believe to be the beautiful shady walks which intersect the streets, and nothing is more harmonious than the mixture of trees and architecture. In Bourdeaux, the Royal Gardens is a magnificent example of this; some of the alleys are five deep, giving a very umbrageous look, something like the nave and double aisles of a magnificent cathedral. On fine days, and Sundays, these walks are crowded with gay company, and bands of music. At one extremity is a Roman ruin (for this was an ancient city), called Gallien's Palace, but more probably Amphitheatre. Little remains to admire except the admirable consistency of the mortar, which time seems to have found a harder morsel than either stone or brick. As we had thus found our way into the country, Mr Le H— took me to see one of his neighbouring vineyards. We found the people busily engaged: some gathering the grapes, which they did with a pair of large shears, cutting the strings of the clusters without handling them, and allowing them to drop into a basket; others, at dinner under a large chestnut—their wages, comprehending a dinner of soup, bread, and meat, being only 3d. per day. The grapes were chiefly of a deep purple colour, though they varied in tone from that to a faint creamy tint. As we passed by a little hut, I looked in at two or three huge brawny-legged peasants stamping away in a tub, like our washerwomen, amongst a mash of grapes; this being the process of pressing. I cannot say I much enjoyed the sight; the stains upon the legs and arms of a deep port wine colour, gave them rather a strange appearance. When we returned, Mr Le H—, insisting upon my dining with him, gave me an opportunity of seeing a true French dinner. It consisted of soup, and melons—boiled beef, oysters—stewed meat, oysters again—roast mutton—dessert, coffee and liqueurs. From what Mr Le H— said, I should fancy the finest sorts of claret are only to be found in our country, as there is no market for them anywhere else; the poorer sorts the French themselves consume.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

BENTHAM.

JEREMY BENTHAM, recently deceased, has been described as one of the most remarkable literary characters in Great Britain. Till the period of his decease, he existed in some measure as a connecting link between the philosophic theorists of the past and present age, yet extremely little is known of his character or pursuits; for though lauded in unmeasured terms by some of his contemporaries, and made a pet subject among magazine writers and reviewers, the people, by whom it will be allowed all popularity and true greatness become fixed, hardly know that there was ever such a person, and very few of them indeed could tell what were his peculiar doctrines. There is a large class of individuals in this country who continue to write and publish books, and make up papers for periodical publications, and whose names are frequently enough met with in our ephemeral literature, yet who are quite unknown and uncared for by the general community, and whose productions have no visible effect whatever either on the conduct or style of thinking of the people. To this class in a great measure belonged Jeremy Bentham. He was a great and voluminous writer on metaphysical and political subjects, as well as on jurisprudence; he strove for many years for what he considered the good of the people; and he almost died for the people, for he bequeathed his body to the dissectors, in order to benefit the science of anatomy; yet, strangely enough, the people generally seem to know little or nothing of him; and it might be safely affirmed that there could not be found a dozen complete copies of his works in ordinary use from the one end of our island to the other. Nevertheless, according to some of the newspapers and magazines, and those who give praise on trust, Bentham was "one of the greatest philosophers of his time"—an assertion there is no possibility of disproving. From what can be guessed

as to the sum of Bentham's principles, it appears he was one of those men who *think* themselves into a belief, that, as things go, mankind are all in the wrong; that they do nothing rightly; that the whole of the machinery of society should be stopped, the wheels cleaned and altered, and then set a-going on a new plan. Yet, with this whimsicality of character, Bentham was in reality a sincere friend to mankind in the widest possible sense; and it is only a pity that he did not take pains to bring his views lucidly and pointedly before the community, so that they might have been studied, and, if necessary, acted upon. His plans for simplifying our forms of law were, we believe, of a valuable kind, and had he brought them forward on a practical scale, great benefit might have ensued. As it is, they might almost as well have never been digested. The character of Bentham—in whom there was much to admire, and something to condemn—has perhaps never been so well delineated as by Hazlitt, and, with the translation from the present to the past tense, may here be introduced.

"Mr Bentham was one of those persons who verified the old adage, that 'a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country.' His reputation lay at the circumference; and the lights of his understanding were reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name was little known in England, better in Europe, and best of all in the plains of Chili, and the mines of Mexico. He offered constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lived, hardly knew such a person. We believe that the Empress Catherine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr Hobbhouse is [or was] a greater man at the hustings; but Mr Bentham would have carried it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author's influence was purely intellectual, having devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies

'That wait a thought from Indus to the Pole.'

and never mixed himself up with personal intrigues or politics. Mr Bentham was very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets:—in general habits, in all but his professional pursuits, he was a mere child. He lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster, overlooking the Park, like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He scarcely ever went out, and saw very little company. The favoured few who had the privilege of the entrée were always admitted one by one. He did not like to have witnesses of his conversation. He talked a great deal, and listened to nothing but facts. When any one called upon him, he invited them to take a turn round his garden with him (Mr Bentham was an economist of his time, and set apart this portion of it to air and exercise), and there you might have seen the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought, and with the prospect of futurity, in eager conversation with some Opposition member, some expatriated patriot, or trans-Atlantic adventurer, urging the extinction of close boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some 'lone island in the watery waste,' his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, clattering accents, negligent of his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of UTILITY. He heard and saw only what suited his purpose, or some 'foregone conclusion'; and looked out for facts and passing occurrences in order to put them into his logical machinery, and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory. Add to this physiognomical sketch the minor points of costume, the open shirt-collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half-boots, and ribbed stockings, and you would have found in Mr Bentham's general appearance a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and the venerableness of age.

Mr Bentham, perhaps, overrated the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say (without any appearance of pride or affectation) that 'he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time, at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would, by that time, have had upon the world.' But we do not think, in point of fact, that Mr Bentham has given any new or decided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or morals. He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent truth, from which a number of others might be deduced, nor has he enriched the established stock of intelligence. Mr Bentham's *forte* was arrangement. He has methodised, collated, and condensed all the materials prepared to his hand, on the subjects of which he treats, in a masterly and scientific manner. His writings are, therefore, chiefly valuable as books of reference, as bringing down the account of intellectual inquiry to the present period. Mr Bentham's leading doctrine was the necessity for studying UTILITY in every rule of society; but he was not the first writer who assumed that principle as the foundation of just laws, and of all moral and political reasoning. Perhaps the weak side of his conclusions is, that he has not made sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature, and the caprices and irregularities of the human will. [This, by the way, has been a very

common error among the philosophers and theorists of ancient and modern times.] Every pleasure, says Bentham, is equally a good, and is to be taken into the account as such in a moral estimate, whether it be the pleasure of sense or of conscience, whether it arise from the exercise of virtue or the perpetration of crime. We are afraid the human mind does not readily come into this doctrine. Our moral sentiments are made up of sympathies and antipathies, of sense and imagination, of understanding and prejudice. Mr Bentham, in adjusting the provisions of a penal code, lays too little stress on the co-operation of the natural prejudices of mankind, and the habitual feelings of that class of persons for whom they are more particularly designed. Legislators (we mean writers on legislation) are philosophers, and governed by their reason; criminals, for whose control laws are made, are a set of desperadoes, governed only by their passions. What wonder so little progress has been made towards a mutual understanding between the two parties! If sanguine and tender-hearted philanthropists have set on foot an inquiry into the barbarity and the defects of the penal laws, the practical improvements have been mostly suggested by reformed cut-throats, turn-keys, and thief-takers. The laws of the country are ineffectual and abortive, because they are made by the rich for the poor, by the wise for the ignorant, by the respectable and exalted in station for the scum and refuse of the community. If Newgate would resolve itself into a committee of the whole press-yard, with Jack Ketch at its head, aided by confidential persons from the county prisons or the hulks, and would make a clear breast, some data might be found out to proceed upon; but as it is, the *criminal mind* of the country is a book sealed. Mr Bentham, in his attempts to revise and amend our criminal jurisprudence, proceeded entirely on his favourite principle of utility. Convince highwaymen and housebreakers that it will be their interest to reform, and they will reform, and lead honest lives, according to Mr Bentham. He says, 'All men act from calculation, even madmen reason.' And, in our opinion, he might as well have carried this maxim to Bedlam or St. Luke's. Criminals are not influenced by reason; for it is of the very essence of crime to disregard consequences both to themselves and others. You may as well preach philosophy to a drunken man, or to the dead, as to those who are under the instigation of any mischievous passion. The style of Mr Bentham is unpopolar, not to say unintelligible. He wrote a language of his own, that darkens knowledge. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that he was not prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives; but he might have warped up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never have found its way into Westminster Hall. He was a kind of manuscript author—he wrote a cypher hand, which the vulgar have no key to. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon, with all the repetitions, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and verbiage of law Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out, if you could. Mr Bentham, in private life, was an exemplary character. He was a little romantic, or so; and dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. His house was warmed and lighted by steam; and he was one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. It was the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and did not 'look enough abroad into universality.'

AN IRISH DANCE.

If any of our readers be fond of stories illustrative of Irish manners and passions, and descriptive of *Paddy* as he is to be found in his native purity, in "dear old Ireland," let them peruse a work which has recently made its appearance, entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." In one of these interesting tales, called the "Midnight Mass," the author develops a good deal of drollery in the following account of an Irish dance:—

"The Irish dance (he remarks), like every other assembly composed of Irishmen and Irishwomen, presents the spectator with those traits which enter into our conception of rollicking fun and broad humour. The very arrangements are laughable; and when joined to the eccentric strains of some blind fiddler like Barny Dhal, to the grotesque and caricaturish faces of the men, and the modest, but evidently arch and laughter-loving countenances of the females, they cannot fail to impress an observing mind with the obvious truth, that a nation of people so thoughtless and easily directed from the serious and useful pursuits of life to such scenes, can seldom be industrious and wealthy, nor, despite their mirth and humour, a happy people.

The barn in which they danced on this occasion was a large one. Around the walls were placed as many seats as could be spared from the neighbours' houses; these were eked out by sacks of corn laid lengthwise, logs of round timber, old creels, iron pots, with their bottoms turned up, and some of them in their usual position. On these were the youngsters seated. Up in a corner sat Barny, surrounded by the seniors of the village, sawing the fiddle with indefatigable

vigour, and leading the conversation with equal spirit. Indeed, his laugh was the loudest, and his joke the best, whilst, ever and anon, his music became perfectly furious—that is to say, when he rasped the fiddle with a desperate effort 'to overtake the dancers' from whom, in the heat of the conversation, he had unwittingly lagged behind.

Dancing in Ireland, like every thing else connected with the amusement of the people, is frequently productive of bloodshed. It is not unusual for crack-dancers from opposite parishes, or from distant parts of the same parish, to meet and dance against each other for victory. But as the judges in those cases consist of the respective friends or factions of the champions, their mode of decision may readily be conjectured. Many a battle is fought in consequence of such challenges, the result usually being that not he who has the lightest heel, but the hardest head, generally comes off the conqueror.

While the usual variety of Irish dances—the reel, jig, fling, three-part-reel, four-part-reel, rowly-powly, country-dance, cotillion, or cut-along (as the peasantry call it) and minuet, vulgarly minion and minionet—were going forward in due rotation, our readers may be assured that those who were seated around the walls did not permit the time to pass without improving it, many an attachment being formed at such amusements.

At the dance we are describing, luckily there was no dissension; every heart appeared to be not only elated with mirth, but also free from resentment and jealousy. The din produced by the thumping of vigorous feet upon the floor, the noise of the fiddle, the chat between Barny and the little sober knot about him, together with the brisk murmur of the general conversation, and the expression of delight which sat on every countenance, had something in them elevating to the spirits.

Barny, who knew the voices, and even the mode of dancing peculiar to almost every one in the barn, had some joke for each. When a young man brings out his sweetheart—which he frequently does in a manner irresistibly ludicrous, sometimes giving a spring from the earth, his *cavalier* set with a knowing air on one side of his head, advancing at a trot on tip-toe, catching her by the ear, leading her out to her position, which is 'to face the fiddler,' then ending by a snap of the fingers, and another spring, in which he brings his heel backwards in contact with his ham; we say, when a young man brings out his sweetheart, and places her facing the fiddler, he asks her what she will dance; to which, if she has no favourite tune, she uniformly replies—'Your will is my pleasure.' This usually made Barny groan aloud.

'What's ails you, Barny?'
'Oh, than, murder alive, how little thruth's in this world! Your will's my pleasure! *Baithershin!* but, sowl, if things goes an, it won't be long so!'
'Why, Barny, the young man would exclaim, 'is the ravin' fit comin' over you?'

'No, in throth, Jim; but it's a thinkin' of home I am. Howandiver, do you go an; but, *nabokish!* What'll you have?'

'Jig Polthouge,' Barny: but oil your wrist, a bouchal, or Katty will lave us both out o' sight in no time. Whoo! success! clear the coorse. Well done, Barny! That's the go.'
When the youngsters had danced for some time, the fathers and mothers of the village were called upon 'to step out.' This was generally the most amusing scene in the dance. No excuse is ever taken on such occasions, for when they refuse, about a dozen young fellows place them, will they nil they, upright upon the floor, from whence neither themselves nor their wives are permitted to move until they dance. No sooner do they commence, than they are mischievously pitted against each other by two sham parties, one encouraging the wife, the other cheering on the good man; whilst the fiddler, falling in with the frolic, plays in his most furious style. The simplicity of character, and, perhaps, the lurking vanity of those who are the butts of the mirth on this occasion, frequently heighten the jest.

'Why thin, Paddy, is it strivin' to outdo me you are? Faiks, avourneen, you never seen that day, any way,' the old woman would exclaim, exerting all her vigour.—'Didn't I? Sowl, I'll sober you before I lave the flure, for all that,' her husband would reply.

'An' do you forget,' she would rejoin, 'that the McCarthy drop is in me? ay, an' it's to the good still.'
And the old dame would accompany the boast with a fresh attempt at agility, to which Paddy would respond by 'cutting the buckle,' and snapping his fingers, whilst fifty voices, amidst roars of laughter, were loud in encouraging each.

'Handle your feet, Katty, darlin'—the mettles lavin' him!'

'Off wid the brogues, Paddy, or she'll do you. That's it; kick off the other, an' don't spare the flure.'
'A thousand guineas an Katty! McCarthy agin Gallagher for ever!—whirloo!'

'Blur alive the flure's not benefitin' by you, Paddy. Lay an it, man!—That's it!—Bravo!—Whish!—Our side agin Europe!'

'Success, Paddy! Why, you could dance the Dusty Miller upon a flure paved wid drawn razures, you're so soople.'—'Katty for ever! The blood's in you, Katty; you'll win the day. More power to you!'

'I'll hould a quart on Paddy. Heel an' toe, Paddy, you sinner!'

'Right an' left, Katty; hould an, his breath's goin'.'
'Right an' wrong, Paddy, you spalpeen. The whisky's an you, man alive: do it dacently, an' don't let me lose the wager.'

In this manner would they incite some old man, and, perhaps, his older wife, to prolonged exertion, and keep them bobbing and jiggling about amidst roars of laughter, until the worthy couple could dance no longer.

During stated periods of the night, those who took the most prominent part in the dance got a plate and hat, with which they went round the youngsters, to make collections for the fiddler. Barny reserved his best and most sarcastic jokes for these occasions; for so correct was his ear, that he felt little difficulty in detecting those whose contributions to him were such as he did not relish.

The aptitude of the Irish for enjoying humorous images was well displayed by one or two circumstances which occurred on this night. A few of both sexes, who had come rather late, could get no other seats than the iron pots to which we have alluded. The young women were dressed in white, and their companions, who were also their admirers, exhibited in proud display, each a bran new suit, consisting of broad-cloth coat, yellow-buff vests, and corduroy small-clothes, with a bunch of broad silk ribbons standing out at each knee. They were the sons and daughters of respectable farmers, but as all distinctions here entirely ceased, they were fain to rest contented with such seats as they could get, which on this occasion consisted of the pots aforesaid. No sooner, however, had they risen to dance, than the house was convulsed with laughter, heightened by the sturdy vigour with which, unconscious of their appearance, they continued to dance. That part of the white female dresses which had come in contact with the pots, exhibited a circle like the full moon, and was black as pitch. Nor were their partners more lucky: those who sat on the mouths of the pots had the back part of their dresses streaked with dark circles, equally ludicrous. The mad mirth with which they danced, in spite of their grotesque appearance, was irresistible. This, and other incidents quite as pleasant—such as the case of a wag who purposely sank himself into one of the pots, until it stuck to him through half the dance—increased the laughter, and disposed them to peace and cordiality.

UNIVERSALITY OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE.

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God—herbs, and fruits, and flowers!
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers!
In mingled cloud to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

CASUAL observers of the works of Nature have frequently had cause for astonishment in reflecting on the universality of the principle of life, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This principle, they perceive, is found in never-dying action over the whole habitable globe, from the lowest depths of the ocean to the tops of the highest mountains. They find it operating, by vegetation, on the surface of newly-formed islands, thousands of miles from the nearest continent; and they discover that the most lonely mountain tarn is peopled with fish, which could not by any possibility have proceeded thither themselves, and which, it is certain, were never transported by human beings. These are amongst the wonders of creation; but scientific investigation has gone far to unravel what at first sight appears a mystery. In the "Sacred History of the World," by Sharon Turner, already recommended in these pages, the intelligent author offers some useful observations on the universality of vegetable and animal life.

"You may fairly ask (says he) how, then, is vegetation found on places that are known to have originally had none, and that are not likely to have been visited by what would bring them? How, for instance, could the frozen soil of New Shetland, amid the ice-rocks of the Antarctic, obtain the lichens, the only vegetable found, or perhaps growable upon it? How have the Coral Islands of the Pacific, formed in the bosom of the waves by the petty animalculæ that construct them, derived their fine cocoa-nut trees, and beautiful forests? How can the new Volcanic Island that has just emerged from the shallow bottom of the Sicilian Sea, ever acquire, as it will do, a productive vegetation? These questions are reasonable, and we can find some facts that will satisfactorily answer them.

The clouds ever floating above us, not only bring us occasionally meteoric stones, hail, and epidemics, but also vegetable seeds, and the very lichens that would commence the new reign of vegetation on the bleak rocks of the South Polar isles. A phenomenon which occurred in Persia would have had this result. Dust and sands, heavier than many seeds are borne by the winds and clouds for several hundred miles across the atmosphere, falling on the earth and seas as they pass along. The Cryptogamia and many of the grassy seeds are not more weighty than matter of this sort, which the aerial movement thus transports. The sea, and its tides and currents, convey larger bodies for even thousands of miles. The winds carry over the seeds of large trees, and disperse new vegetations with an extraordinary rapidity, and

to an extent which, anterior to the experience, we should not have expected. Birds also largely diffuse them. Many of these tenants of the trees and air live on fruit and berries. They digest the pulp, but pass the seeds unimpaired; and thus heavy organizations of future trees are planted in the most distant and unexposed situations. The parasitical mistletoe, converted by the stern Druids of our British predecessors into an instrument of their governing superstition, and which they gathered, from the tree on which it fed, with such imposing solemnity, thus attains its lofty, and, in the days of ignorance, mysterious situation. The digestive action of the feathered race upon them improves, in some cases, instead of injuring their growing energy. Waver, winds, and birds, fully explain the vegetations of every coral and volcanic island. The amazing muscular power and vital energy of birds to sustain their flights in their migrations, for distances that astonish us, will account for the plantations of the most distant isles and continents. Even insects people inland ponds and streams with fish,* and are often themselves carried by the winds to great distances. Thus showers of their larva have often fallen from the clouds. From all these facts, no individual of right judgment can have any difficulty of perceiving how the most remote and unvisited regions have derived their varied vegetation. We need not have recourse to the unsupported hypothesis of spontaneous production, which no circumstance that has been fully understood has at any time occurred to prove. When once a vegetable has become rooted in a soil, it is capable, if unchecked, of spreading to an indefinite extent. One tree has, in some regions, propagated into a large forest. But the possible produce which may issue from a single individual of this department of nature, like other facts that we have noticed, extends into calculations which exceed our comprehending faculty. The just conclusion, from the experience of all ages and countries, is, that spontaneous production is no part of the system for the perpetuation of the vegetable races.

The REPRODUCTIVE faculty in plants exhibits a clear and close analogy to that of the animal kingdom. The artificial, but convenient Linnæan system, is founded upon it. One set of organs within the flower, the stamens, prepare the productive pollen, or fine dust-like substance which passes in the proper time from them to the stigma, and adhering to that, becomes the germ of the future plants. Without this pollen, there is no reproduction by seed or fruit. The natural pollen is the most effective, and no other naturally occurs to the stigma, although pollen from other flowers may be inserted on it. We have in this operation of the motion of the pollen to its germinating receptacle, another instance of the exactitude with which the effective means have been carefully provided and adapted to their appointed ends. Although it has to pass with a precise force over the particular distance, varying in every species, that is, between the stamen and the stigma, and therefore to be suited exactly to this space, and to take correctly the direction of each stigma, and this in many millions of instances at every recurring season, and to do this in the ever-moving air, and whatever winds may agitate it; yet this peculiar movement always takes place at the proper time in every species of plant, by a species of explosion, but with such skilful aim and measured movement, as it were, that in every plant it is performed with exact and invariable effect; so that, from their creation to the present hour, every species has regularly and abundantly produced its due seed and fruit. Wonderful has been the contrivance by which this indispensable action has been made to take place so universally and so effectually! Nothing would seem more to require an unerring eye and guiding hand, than the transfer of this little fructifying projectile from one part of the flower to that exact spot near it on which it must settle, in order to germinate into the fruit; and often from one flower to another; and not unfrequently from one plant to another. The utmost precision of the direction and degree of the protruding impulse, and the most exact timing of the discharge to the receiving state of the recipient, are in every instance indispensably necessary. The smallest error or deviation would frustrate the effect. Who is the secret calculator, measurer, impeller, regulator, and director? Who is the floral engineer, that, in each returning spring, guides and rules this botanical artillery with unerring skill and success in the quadrillions of quadrillions of flowers that annually adorn our globe? and even, in some cases, accomplishing the prolific object at great distances. Where the organs are on separated plants, and the end cannot be obtained by instantaneous projectibility, there, bees and insects are made the conveying agents, and the honey in the nectarium of flowers is the attraction that invites them to become such, though unconscious of the important purpose which they are fulfilling, while intent only on their own enjoyment. So diversified are the means employed by the Great Inventor and Preserver of our complicated fabric, to produce His appointed ends! Thus the main producing system of nature is every where maintained."

* The great river-beetle, which lives habitually on eggs of fish, climbs sometimes in the evening on the reeds high enough for its flight, and then takes wing. One was caught in its flight, and being put into water, it emitted the eggs with which it was gorged; some in part digested, and some not at all. These eggs produced fish of various sorts.—*Bull. Univ. 1825, p. 145, from Gilt's Trav. Rep. 1826, p. 333.*

* Dr Walker declared to Lord Kames—"I have found seeds, dropped accidentally into the sea in the West Indies, cast ashore on the Hebrides. The sea and rivers waft more seeds than sails."

THE POLISH JEW BOY.

POLAND is the chief modern seat of the scattered Jewish race, for while those interesting people were persecuted throughout every part of Europe, the noble sympathising Pole gave them refuge, and treated them as men and brethren. Under this kind protection, the Jews in time multiplied, and their hamlets soon rose to the condition of populous villages and towns, presenting to the modern world the spectacle of a second Judea. These Polish Jews were permitted to govern themselves by their own laws, which they did in its fullest extent, adopting all the Mosaic and Rabbinical ceremonies, and even dispensing with surnames, according to ancient usage. They also adhered to their own peculiar costume, and continue to do so. Their bodies are covered with a tightly fitted black silk robe, fastened with a band and tassel round the waist; on their head they wear a skull-cap, both in and out of the house, a rigid Jew never having his head uncovered, as, like other eastern people, he requires to say prayers and graces on many occasions, and is obliged, when addressing the Almighty, to wear his hat upon his head; a long flowing beard, and a staff, complete the outline of their appearance. Napoleon made many innovations on the Jewish customs, though with little advantage to himself. He enrolled the young men into cavalry and infantry troops, making them take surnames, and insisting that they should never wear the costume of their race. This mixing with the natives of other territories contributed to enlighten the Jews, but war gave them an insight into the riches of the neighbouring countries, and made them anxious to participate in that wealth, which they endeavour to do by the only means left within their power. Being prevented by the illiberal and odiously selfish laws of most Christian powers from devoting their attention to ordinary professional pursuits, or trying to gain distinction and opulence by any of the common modes in practice, they have in this, as in every other instance, devoted their abilities to various mercantile avocations, generally dealing in articles of great value. The way in which the industrious young Jews set out upon their wanderings is in no small degree affecting. After procuring the blessing of their parents, which, in general, is all that they have to bestow, they leave their native homes at the tender age of thirteen, and, in Scripture phrase, girding up their loins, they address themselves to their travels into far countries, in search of what fortune may be pleased to reward them with. A certain portion of mankind are still disposed to hoot and persecute the Jews, and to allow them no good property whatever; but we defy any civilized nation to produce such striking instances of intrepidity, honest industry, and humility, as are here exemplified. The circumstance of boys of thirteen years of age voluntarily abandoning the houses of their parents, to depend for their support on their own unassisted, unadvised efforts, among total strangers, is quite unparalleled in the history of the most chivalric people which the earth ever produced. We, no doubt, find Italian and Swiss boys wandering over most parts of Europe, but, it will be remarked, it is chiefly in the character of mendicants, or something nearly allied to it; while the Jew boy sets forth with the determination to pursue some branch of lucrative industry, requiring no small degree of ingenuity and wisdom. It may be mentioned, that the Jews become of age on the Sabbath after they attain the age of thirteen. On this solemn occasion, they read a portion of the Scriptures aloud in the synagogue, and dedicate themselves to their Maker, by swearing to keep the commandments. After the ceremony, the morning is celebrated with a breakfast party. At thirteen, the young Jews are required to wear phylacteries every morning while at their devotions. These consist of two long stripes of leather, one being made to fit the head, the other for the left arm, with large knots, emblematic of Almighty God. Inclosed in this knot are the ten commandments, and the prayer, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one God," &c.

These observations on the condition and manners of the Polish Jews, are preliminary to the following account, which we lately received, of the history of one of them, named Joshua Mendelssohn, who emigrated in the manner we have mentioned, and speedily raised himself from indigence to affluence, simply by perseverance and successful speculations in valuable articles of commerce. We give the account nearly in his own words, as he related it to a friend.

"Well, den, when I did come first to be a man at fourteen years of age, den I did have all de grand desire to go away to seek my fortune; so I did go to my fader and moder for der blessings, and they did give me dem, and I did ask my fader for his assistance, and he did say unto me, Mine dear son, all dat I can give you is a clean shirt, and may the God of Israel bless you; den I did leave mine own country without one fardling, and my goods did consist of mine clothes on my back, and my prayer-book, and my phylacteries. I did not know were I should go; but my feet did take me to Frankfort; and behold der was de grand fair, and I did look me about, and I was astonished to see such quantities of fine merchandise; so I did stand for long while admiring de goods. Now, when I did stand looking, a shentleman did ask me if I was a Jew. I say, yes. He den ask me if I be honest, and I say, yes, also. He den took me for to

assist him in selling his merchandise, and was much satisfied, and he did give me about two pounds in dis country money. Oh, dis was a grand beginning of my fortune. So I did consider me what to buy, and, as luck would have it, I did buy all cornelian stones, but could not sell dem again; so I did take me to Italia; den I did shew dem to an honest Catholic jeweller, and he did give me twenty pounds. I was den very glad of dis great sum of monies, and did lay out the whole on cameos. I next went again to Frankfort, and was so fortunate as to sell dem for one hundred pounds. I now did buy all mine monies in stones, and took them again to Italia; but dis time I had a large box, which cause der custom-house officers stop me, and took away all mine riches, and put me to jail. When I was brought to der judge, they did search me, and found only my phylacteries; and de judge ask me what I did wid dese tings. And I told him they were for me to use when I pray to ming God. And he, being a good Catholic, say to me, you be a good Jew man; and he did give me all pack my goods, which I sold for dis time two hundred pounds. After dis, I went to Turkey, and dat was very good luck; for a Turk did show me a bag full of green and pink stones, and he ask me to pay dem. I did not know the value of dem; but for a grand speculation, I did say, if I make my fortune, I do; if I lose, I no worse den when I set out. So I did make a prayer, and he did sell me dem for mine own price, two hundred pounds. He ask me three hundred; but I say, I have no more riches. So the Turk gave me the whole for my price. I now took my bag of green and pink stones to a person dat was a judge, and he say, they be all emeralds and rubies, and worth a great sum. So I did sort dem, and went to Genoa, where I did never go before, and showed dem to a Jew broker, and he ask me mine price. I say, he must show dem to the diamond-merchants, and they must put der highest price, for I did not let him know dat I did not know the value of dem. The Jew broker came next day, and tell me he can get L.2000 for one parcel, and, if sent to-morrow, he will pay dem. As soon as I left de Jew broker, I jump for joy at mine good luck, and did tank mine God for his goodness to de poor Jew boy. When next day did come, I did take all the monies, L.2000, for a part of mine precious stones; and out of gratitude I did take for mine wife the broker's pretty daughter Rachel. So dis all over, I pay me a visit to all der grand cities, and did sell more and more of mine emeralds and rubies for very much monies."

To bring this autobiographical sketch to a conclusion, it has to be added, that after these various speculations, Joshua ventured on dealing in diamonds, in which he was still more successful. He has thus pursued a lucrative traffic in precious stones for many years, and is now one of the richest men in Europe. His home is at Genoa, where his wife and family live in the first style, with carriages and other luxuries of the most expensive description. Yet he still pursues his unvarying avocations, almost in his original humble condition. He travels through every continental country, and visits all the principal cities in his professional capacity. He also, in general, carries about his person property to the amount of L.100,000 and upwards, in precious stones, all of which are stowed in about fifty different pockets in various parts of his dress.

NAMES OF LONDON STREETS.

D'ISRAELI, in one of the volumes of his "Curiosities of Literature," has a paper on the changes which are frequently found to have taken place in the names of streets, by the corruptions of succeeding generations, and produces the following instances in the case of the streets of London, which may perhaps interest our readers:—

"Mincing-lane was Mincheon-lane; from tenements pertaining to the Mincheons, or nuns of St Helen's, in Bishops-gate-street.

Gutter-lane, corrupted from Guthurun's-lane; from its first owner, a citizen of great trade.

Blackwall-hall was Bakewell's-hall, from one Thomas Bakewell; and originally called Basing's-haugh, from a considerable family of that name, whose arms were once seen on the ancient building, and whose name is still perpetuated in Basing's-lane.

Finch-lane was Finke's-lane, from a whole family of this name.

Thread-needle-street was originally Thrid-needle-street, as Samuel Clarke dates it from his study there.

Billiter-lane is a corruption of Belzetter's-lane; from the first builder or owner.

Cruicker-friars was Crouched or Crossed-friars.

Lothbury was so named from the noise of foundries at their work; and, as Howel pretends, this place was called Lothbury "disadinedly."

Garlick-hill was Garlick-hithe, or hive, where garlick was sold.

Fetter-lane has been erroneously supposed to have some connexion with the fetters of criminals. It was in Charles the First's time written Fetter-lane, and is so in Howel's Londinopolis, who explains it as Fectors (or idle people) lying there as in a way leading to gardens. It was the haunt of these Fectors, or "mighty beggars." The Fattour, that is, a defaytor, or defaulter, became Fector, and in the rapid pronun-

ciation, or conception, of names, Fector has ended in Fetter-lane.

Gracechurch-street, sometimes called Gracious-street, was originally Grass-street, from an herb-market there.

Fenchurch-street, from a fenny or moorish ground by a river-side.

Galley-key has preserved its name, but its origin may have been lost. Howel, in his "Londinopolis," says, "here dwelt strangers called Galley-men, who brought wine, &c. in Gallies."

Greek-street, says Pennant, "I am sorry to degrade into Grig-street;" whether it alludes to the little vivacious eel, or to the merry character of its tenants, he does not resolve.

Bridewell was St Bridget's-well, from one dedicated to Saint Bride or Bridget.

Marybone was St Mary-on-the-Bourne, corrupted to Mary-bone; as Holborn was Old Bourne, or the Old River; Bourne being the ancient English for river; hence the Scottish Burn.

Newington was New-town.

Maiden-lane was so called from an image of the Virgin, which, in Catholic days, had stood there, as Bagford writes to Hearne; and he says, that the frequent sign of the Maiden-head was derived from "our Lady's-head."

Lad-lane was originally Lady's-lane, from the same personage.

Road-lane was so denominated from a Rood, or Jesus on the cross, there placed, which was held in great regard.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called Piccadilla-hall, a place of sale for piccadillies or turnovers; a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about 1614.

Strype notices that in the liberties of Saint Catharine is a place called Hangman's-gains; the traders of Hammes and Guyenes, in France, anciently resorted there; thence the strange corruption.

Smithfield is a corruption of Smoothfield; smith signifies smooth, from a Saxon word. An antiquarian friend had seen it described in a deed as campus planus, which confirms the original meaning. It is remarkable that Smithfield should have continued as a market for cattle for more than six centuries, with only the loss of its vowels.

This is sufficient to show how the names of our streets require either to be corrected or explained by their historian. The French, among the numerous projects for the moral improvement of civilized man, had one, which, had it not been polluted by a horrid faction, might have been directed to a noble end. It was to name streets after eminent men. This would at least preserve them from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling and of glory, to the rising genius of every age. With what excitement and delight may the young contemplatist, who first studies at Gray's Inn, be reminded of Verulam-buildings!"

MANGEL WURZEL.

THIS herb has not been long cultivated in this country, and, as in the case of turnips and potatoes when first introduced, little is yet known regarding it, though it promises to be one of the most useful vegetable products. Some time ago, we tasted a kind of whisky distilled from it, and, at the same time, were shown a specimen of very strong brown paper, fit for packing, which was manufactured simply from the draf or refuse. It seems also that a good kind of ale may be made from the roots. According to the Gardener's Magazine for December, the way to make this beverage is to "take one-third of malt, two-thirds of mangel wurzel liquor, and about a fifth part of treacle, adding hops at the rate of six ounces to nine gallons. Barrel and work with yeast in the usual manner. The mangel wurzel liquor is thus obtained: Clean the roots, pare off the outer rind, slice and boil till they are quite soft, and then squeeze off the liquor." If mangel wurzel can thus produce whisky, ale, and brown paper, and, as we are informed, at an expense ten times lower than what is now laid out on grain and old hempen materials, it will prove one of our most valuable vegetables. The paper made from the refuse, we can avouch, was far superior to that in ordinary use.

The Messrs Chambers are gratified in mentioning, that, while the sale of the Journal continues steadily to increase, their *Historical Newspaper*, or Monthly Supplement, has been well received in all parts of the United Kingdom, and that, reckoning the Edinburgh and London editions, the impression already reaches 28,000 copies, 18,000 of which are circulated in Scotland. The third number of this *Historical Newspaper* will appear on Thursday next, the 3d of January, and will continue to be issued on the 1st, 2d, or 3d day of every succeeding month, at the same low price as the present work.

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